

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT SUPPER SERIES NUMBER XXIV.

A REMEDY FOR NEURAL DYSPEPSIA, AND A CURE FOR HYPOCHONDRIA, HYPOCHOLIC, OR ANY SCHEMATA OF A BY ORDER.

BY OUR SERIES EDITOR.

ALMANAC AND DIARY.

SHORT METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

November.

Monday, 12.—Dentists in convocation at the Diligent Engine Hall, to resist the demands of the Valencian Company. A great deal of jaw other than india-rubber was tested in the Convention.

Tuesday, 13.—Wool-growers in Convention at Cleveland. The members were particularly severe upon the sector, for such a great cry in reference to the meeting, and so little wool.

Wednesday, 14.—First City Troop commence a lawsuit to recover an autograph letter of Washington, threatening the troop for their first turn-out on the Fourth of July, when Fourth of Julys were more dangerous than now.

Thursday, 15.—Grand and lofty tumbling by the leading Democratic papers throughout the country. They turn a somersault over the nigger at one bound, and land on the side of universal suffrage.

Friday, 16.—John B. Gough lectures in New York for the benefit of the preachers. O'Neil, Gardner, and other ex-poundingers of that city. He is recompensed by a large "bunch of fire" in his pocket-book.

Saturday, 17.—Series Column Day.—The Editor having watched for the "Meteoric Shower" all the week, has concluded that the stars do not intend to follow the Fall fashions this year.

IMPORTANT LETTER

FROM A MEMBER OF THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, On the "Meteoric Shower."

MR. SERIES EDITOR:—We stayed up last Tuesday night, according to the recommendations of the Astronomers and the Director of the Police and Fire Telegraph, to see the "stars fall," according to the words of the latter functionary; but in the words of the former, the "Meteoric Shower." I have heretofore found no difficulty in sitting up to get the election returns, but to sit up till 3, or perhaps 5 o'clock in the morning, to see such an unexciting object as a star fall, and no money in it, required one to be in the spirit—or, more matter-of-fact speaking, the spirit in him. The following "diary" which I kept of this important astronomical event, will do to refer to in all future time, as well for the Philosopher as for the Director of the Fire and Police Telegraph.

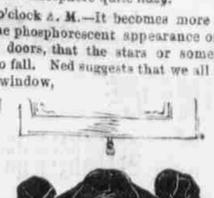
Ten o'clock P. M.—Mary commenced setting the table in the Library previous to making observations in reference to the stars. I asked her for the key of the side-board, in case I could not find my opera-glasses, that I might look there for them. Did look there, and removed some other glasses to the table. We did not see the opera-glasses. Looked out of the window; saw but one star in the street—Policeman 28.

Eleven o'clock P. M.—Door-bell rings. Arrival of Ned, who came, according to promise, to watch the stars with me. Ned thinks they are best seen through "smoked glass," as the sight otherwise might hurt our eyes. We therefore lighted our cigars, and began to smoke the glasses, also the window curtains. Looked out of the window; even "Star 28" had disappeared. Ned suggested that we try



LOOKING THROUGH GLASSES.

Twelve o'clock, midnight.—We are now joined by Aleck, who is of the opinion that the stars might fall a few hours in advance, and that we had better watch very closely the first hours of the morning. Aleck was shown the glasses we had prepared for that purpose, and looked through one of them. We heard a noise, and all rushed to the window, and there was



ONE FALLEN STAR

An charge of pollexen Nos. 28 and 40, which Ned was said was a Meet-ber (hic) display on the part of the city stars. We all turned away from the sight, and Aleck proposed that we should go through some calculations, and examine the glasses best adapted to the purposes of our present observations, and passed a glass to me for my inspection. After examining the glasses, looked out of the window again, and found the atmosphere quite hazy.

One o'clock A. M.—It becomes more certain, from the phosphorescent appearance of things out of doors, that the stars or something is going to fall. Ned suggests that we all look out of the window,



AS THE ARTIST DO AT THEIR PICTURES.

if it might be called standing, in that position for over a quarter of an hour, Aleck said he saw something that looked to him like



THE CONSTELLATION OF THE "GREAT BEAR," OR "JOB'S COFFIN."

We all finally saw it, when it sank suddenly below the horizon and disappeared. We got down from our positions, feeling a little unsteady from over-exertion in the cause of science, when we again returned to examine our glasses, found them empty, filled them, and again commenced operations.

Two o'clock A. M.—Things becoming more hazy, both indoors and out, evidences of the "meteoric display" beginning to thicken, as also does the atmosphere in our room. The glasses now are all sufficiently smoked, and the whisky even tastes smoky (the whisky was used for cleaning the glasses). Aleck called my attention to the street lamps, which began to "shoot;" and other things in the street, and the lights in the room, begin to manifest signs of unsteadiness. I held on to the chair back while I tried to light another cigar. A strong haze around the gas-burner prevents me from finding it readily. Ned has gone to sleep, purposing to wake up when the fire-bells strike. Aleck and I determined to sit it out.

Three o'clock A. M.—No stars now visible out of the window; we therefore shut the blinds and try our glasses. Aleck says it would be better for the eyes if the glasses were colored. We both color them with a decoction of logwood and other stuff. Both begin to think that we see stars.

THIS IS ABOUT THE TIME WE SHOULD SEE THEM. Try two more colored glasses, and the display becomes beautiful. Aleck moves a vote of thanks to the Astron (hic) astronomer, and to the Telegra (hic) graph fo-to (hic) folks for the beau (hic) beautiful displa (hic) ay.

We now think that we hear a ringing in our ears, which we take for the alarm bells, signifying that the "shower" is taking place. We waken up Ned, but we can't find the window; we conclude, therefore, to postpone looking out of doors for the present, and to continue our observations indoors with the colored glasses, as our success heretofore has been altogether in that direction. The bells have ceased ringing. I notice that Aleck, in trying to waken Ned, has himself fallen asleep under the table. I consider the time spent in the investigation of the meteoric phenomena not warranted by the results. More bells ringing, and on opening the blinds I discover them to be on the horse cars, and it is daylight. The clock in the drug store across the way shows it to be twenty minutes past 9 o'clock; the time since 3 o'clock has passed very rapidly, and with Aleck and Ned it is still passing, as their snoring is quite audible in every part of the room, and the atmosphere in the room is still hazy. The chairs and movable furniture bear evidences of a very restless night.

Dear Editor, seriously speaking, I don't think I shall be caught out in another "Meteoric Shower," at any rate without an umbrella, for ever since that one the other night I have felt worse, and Aleck and Ned have not been near the house since; and Mary, my wife, says that they had better not come, as she has a job of "erow picking" for them.

You may print these few notes if you think they will help the cause of science, of which I am a disciple. Your friend, ALLEN BOGGS, Contributing Member of Franklin Institute.

WANTED—FOUR GIRLS TO LAY ON GOD. Those who have had some experience can find a good situation by applying at No. 304 God street, up stairs.

It is rather cool, particularly at this season of the year, to think that anybody who is in the habit of laying on gold would be in the want of a situation. When the Indian said, who had tried laying on two or three feathers, that he could not see how white folks could endure a bag full of them, when two or three hurt him, he had a poor idea of luxury; so, we should think, any one would have who should prefer to lay on gold instead of curled hair, or even straw.

GOD FOR SHARPENING SWORDS.—The European Files of Lat.

An Italian Commentary upon English Law.—A Venetian paper says:—"Sanctified from the time of the Saxons and Plantagenets, no law is ever abrogated in England; there the second son of the opulent lord is a beggar; there the husband may cry his adulterous wife to the market place, with a cord about her neck, and sell her within twenty-four hours; there the punishment of the rod is in full bloom. Is it, under such circumstances, wonderful that the people of England should wish for a thorough civil and political reform?"

A Railway Panic.—A singular panic occurred on the 21st ult., on the Versailles Railway, to a special train heavily laden with visitors from the La Marche stepples chases. Shortly after crossing the river at Ashieres, the engine and carriages came to a standstill, and a sudden terror seized the passengers. A riel was made to the doors, and in a moment the whole of the passengers scrambled on the track, some jumping from their seats on the roof in their haste to alight, no one, however, knowing of any cause for alarm.

"Letters from Hell"—Mr. Bentley, the London publisher, writes to the papers in reference to the book called "Letters from Hell," which he has announced for publication, that it is not, as some good people have supposed, an irreligious work. It is the production of a Danish clergyman, and has been translated by a clergyman of the Church of England.

ARTEMUS WARD IN LONDON.

MR. PUNCH, MY DEAR FRIEND:—You didn't get a instructive article from my pen last week on account of my nervous system having undergone a dreary shock. I got caught in a brief time of sun, and it utterly upset me. I was walking in Regent street one day last week, enjoying your rich black frock and braiding rams, when all at once the Sun burst out and acerbity shone for nearly half an hour's steady. I acted promptly. I called a cab and told the driver to run his boss at a trifling rate of speed to my lodgings, but it wasn't of no avail. I had awful cramps, my appetite left me, and my pulps went down to ten degrees below zero. By careful nursing I shall no doubt recover speedily, if the present spark and exhilarating weather continues.

All of the foregoing is sarcasm. It's a singular fact, but I never set eyes on your excellent British Museum till the other day. I've sent a great many people there, as also to your renal Tower of London, however. It happened thusly:—When one of the excellent countrymen first arrived in London, he would come and see me and display a inclination to cling to me too long, thus showing a respect for me which I feel I do not deserve. I would suggest a visit to the British Museum and Tower. The Museum would occupy him a day at least, and the Tower an other. Thus I've derived considerable peace and comfort from them noble edifices, and I hope they will long continue to grace your metropolis. Present me most cordially to your friend, Mr. Wiseman, who I regret to say, understands the Jamaica question, and wants to talk with me about it; I sent him to the Tower four days ago, and he hasn't got through with it. It likes it very much, and he writes me that he can't never thank me sufficient for directing him to so interesting a bildo. I write him not to mention it. The Colonel says it is for him to live in an intellectual age which wouldn't countenance such infamies as occurred in the Tower. I'm aware that it is desirable to compliment this age, but I ain't so clear as the Colonel is altogether right. This is a responsible age, but it's pretty easily ridiculed. Consider upon how slight a provocation we who live in it go to catch each other's throats, it may perhaps be doubted whether the pathos of intellects is so much massier than our ancestors' intellects was, after all.

I allers ride outside with the cabman. I am of humble parentage, but I have (if you permit me to say so) the spirit of the noble, which chafes when shut up in a four-wheeler, and I feel much easier when I'm in the open air. So on the morning on which I went to the Museum I let a pipe, and callin a cab, I told the driver to take me there as quick as his Arab legs could go. The driver was under the influence of beer, and narrowly escaped running over a aged female in the match trade, whereupon I remonstrated with him. I said, "That poor old woman may be the only mother of a young man like you." Then throwing considerable pathos into my voice, I said, "You have a mother?" He said, "You he!" I got down and called another cab, but said nothin to this driver about his parents.

The British Museum is a magnificent free show for the people. It is kept open for the benefit of all. The humble costumer, who traverses the busy streets with a cart contain all kinds of vegetables, such as carrots, turnips, etc., and drawn by a spirited jackass—he can go to the Museum and reap benefits therefrom as well as the lord of high degree.

"And this," I said, "is the British Museum! These noble walls, I continue to say, are not them with my umbrella to see if the masonry was all right—but I wasn't allowed to finish my enthusiastic remarks, for a man with a gold band on his hat said, in a hush voice, that I must stop talking, but that he would do so by all means. "You see," I said, taking hold of the tassel which waved from the man's belt, and drawn him close to me in a confidential way, "You see, I'm looking round this Museum, and if I like it I shall buy it." Instead of hurrying to these remarks, which was made in a goading spirit, the man frowned darkly, and walked away.

I first visited the stuffed animals, of which the gormless interested me most, and which I ample-mumded moustery live in Afriky, and are believed to be human beings to a slight extent, altho' they are not allowed to vote. In this department is one or two superior giraffes. I never would let a giraffe, but I saw one, and it was a giraffe, on account of the long distance from his mouth to his stummaek. Hence, if he loved beer, one mugful would give him as much enjoyment while going down as forty mugfuls would ordinary persons. And he is a giraffe, indicated, which is a beastly way of amusin oneself, I must say. I like a little beer now and then, and when the teetotalers inform us, as they frequently do, that it is vile stuff, and that even the swine shrinks from it, I say, "It only shows that the swine is a ass who don't know what's good; but to pour gin and brandy down one's throat as freely as though it were fresh milk, is the most idiotic way of goin' to the devil that I know of."

I enjoyed myself very much looking at the Egyptian mummies, the Greek vasis, etc., but it occurred to me there was rather too many "Roman antiquities of a uncertain date." Now, I like the British Museum very much, but when I see a lot of rotten jugs and pots stuck up on shelves, and all "of a uncertain date," I'm at a loss to "zackly determine whether they are a thousand years old or was bought recent. I can cry like a child over a just one thousand years of age, especially if it is a Roman jug, but a jug of a uncertain date doesn't overwhelm me with emotions. Jugs and pots of a uncertain age is doubtless valuably property, but, like the debentures of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, a man doesn't want to own them.

I was debarr'd out of the great read-room. A man told me I must apply by letter for admission, and that I must get somebody to testify that I was respectable. I'm a little afraid I shan't get in there, seeing a tall, portly, portly, with a benevolent-lookin face, near by. I ventured to ask him if he would certify that I was respectable. He said he certainly would not, but he would put me in charge of a policeman, if that would do me any good. A thought struck me. "I refer you to Mr. Punch," I said. "Well," said a man, who had listened to my application, "you have done it now! You stood some chance before." I will get this infamous wretch's name before you go to press, so you can denounce him in the present number of your excellent journal.

The statue of Apollo is a pretty slick statue. A young yeoman seemed deeply impressed with it. He viewed it with silent admiration. At home, in the beautiful rural districts where the daisy sweet blooms, he would be swearing in a horrible manner at his bullocks, and whacking 'em over the head with a hayfork; but here, in the presence of Art, he is a changed being. "I told the artist that if the British nation would stand the expense of a marble bust or myself, I would willingly sit to some talented sculptor. "I feel," I said, "that this is a dooty I owe to posterity." He said it was hilly prob'ly, but he was inclined to think that the British nation wouldn't care to enrich the Museum with a bust of me, altho' he ventured to think that if I paid for one myself it would be accepted cheerfully by Madam Tussaud, who would give it a prominent position in her Chamber of Horrors. The young man was very polite, and I thank him kindly.

After visitin the Refreshment-room and partakin of half a chicken "of a uncertain age," like the Roman antiquities I have previaly spokt of, I prepared to leave. As I passed through the animal-room I observed with pane that a benevolent person was urging the stuff elephant to accept a cold muffin; but I did not feel called on to remonstrate with him, any more than I did with two young persons of different sexes, who had retired behind the Rynosephoss to squeeze each other's hands. In fact, I rather approved of the latter proceedin, for it carried me back to the sunny spring-time of my life. I'm in the shade and yetler leaf now; but I don't forget the time when to squeeze my Betsy's hand sent a thrill through me like jollin off the roof of a two-story house; and I never supposed that gentle hand without wantin to do so some more, and feelin that it did me good.

Truly yours, ARTEMUS WARD.

—John B. Owens began an engagement in Cincinnati this week. His opening house was a crusher.

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PAVING STONES AND WINDOW SHADES. MANUFACTURERS OF Paper Hangings AND Window Shades. HAVE NOW IN STORE FOR FALL TRADE, A FINE STOCK OF GOODS, THE NEWEST AND BEST STYLES.

FOR SALE. DESIRABLE CORNER PROPERTY. THE modern three-story brick dwelling with double three-story back buildings, front and side entrance, northward on WALNUT and WALNUT, or side and one-fourth corner of WALNUT and WALNUT, a fine view, range, gas bath, etc. Price low. Apply to No. 68 WALNUT Street, Eleventh street cars pass near the door. 11 17 1/2

WANTED—ONE OR TWO ENERGETIC AND INDUSTRIAL MEN to join the staff of a new paper in completing the formation of a company, having a special charter from this State. Address C. D. BAYLOR, Philadelphia Post Office, 11 18 1/2

ALBEDYLL & MARK, No. 512 RACE Street. We have leave to draw your particular attention to our new French Steam Scouring Establishment, the first and only one of the kind in this city. We do not dye, but we clean, and we clean in the best manner. Gentlemen, Summer and Winter clothing cleaned to perfection without injury to the stuff. All kinds of stains removed without cleaning the whole. All orders are executed under our immediate supervision, and satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Call and examination of our process is respectfully solicited.

GOVERNMENT SALES. LARGE SALE OF CLOTHING, CAMP AND GARRISON EQUIPAGES. CHIEF QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE, DEPT. OF WAR, WASHINGTON, D. C., November 8, 1886.

Will be sold, by direction of the Quartermaster-General, on 20th Nov. 1886, at 10 o'clock A. M., under the supervision of Captain D. C. Thomas, M. S. R., at Arsenal-square Depot, Seventh street, below Pennsylvania avenue, the following described articles:—10,000 Axes; 15,000 Picks; 14,000 Hatchets, and About 19,000 Axe Handles; 9,000 Pick Handles, and 12,000 Hatchet Handles.

SALE OF CONDENSED ORDNANCE AND ORDNANCE STORES. Will be sold at Public Auction, at FORTRESS MONROE, Old Point Comfort, Virginia, On THURSDAY, 22d day of November, 1886, at 10 o'clock A. M., a large quantity of stores consisting in part, of the following articles, viz:—25 Field and Siege Cannon, cast iron, of various calibers, 61,670 Shot, Shells and Spherical Case for Smooth Bore as duffed guns, 70 Merril's Carbines, new and repaired, 800 Enfield Rifle Muskets, Cal. 57, 200 Henry's and Spencer's Repeating R. fls. 600 Foreign Rifles, "Anstran," Cal. 54, 100 Smooth bore Muskets, Cal. 69, 240 do. do. do., altered to percussion Cal. 69, 10 do. do. do. Flint Lock, Cal. 69, 217 Revolvers, "Whitney's," Remington's Navy, Cal. 56, 1009 Cavalry and Artillery sabres, 311 Swords, Musicians and non-Commissioned Officers. Fourteen days will be allowed for the removal of stores. Terms of sale—Cash. T. G. BAYLOR, Capt. of Ordn. and Bvt. Col. U. S. A., Commanding.

PROPOSALS. QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE, UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS, WASHINGTON, D. C., October 19, 1886. Sealed Proposals will be received at this office until 2 o'clock P. M., of the 21st day of November next, for furnishing rations to the United States Marines at the following stations, from January 1, 1887, to July 30, 1888, viz:—1 FORT MONROE, New Hampshire; CHARLESTON, Massachusetts; BROOKLYN, New York; PHILADELPHIA, Pennsylvania; WASHINGTON CITY, District of Columbia; GORRUM, near Norfolk, Virginia; MAINE, N. Y., Illinois; FENACOLA, Florida. Each ration to consist of three-fourths of a pound of pork or bacon, or one and a fourths pound of beef or salt beef, or one and a fourths pound of mutton, or one and a fourths pound of corn meal; and at the rate of one hundred rations of eight quarts of bread, or in lieu thereof, ten pounds of rice; or, in lieu thereof, a whole per week, one hundred and fifty ounces of desiccated potatoes, and one hundred ounces of mixed vegetables; ten pounds of coffee; one hundred and one and a half pound of tea; fifteen pounds of sugar; four quarts of vinegar; one pound of sperma candles, or one and one-fourth candles of equal weight, or one and one-half pound of tallow; four pounds of soap; and two quarts of salt. The rationers are to be delivered upon the order of the commanding officer of each station; the fresh beef, either in bulk or by the single c ration, of good quality, with an equal portion of lard and fore quarters, week and week, and the salt beef, of the pork No. 1 prime mess pork; the flour, known as extra superfine in the market of the place where the ration is located; the coffee, good No. 1; the sugar, good New Orleans, or its equivalent; and the beans, vinegar, candles, soap, salt, etc., to be of good quality. All subject to inspection. All bids must be accompanied by the following guarantee:—"The undersigned, of —, in the State of —, and —, of —, in the State of —, hereby certify that in case the foregoing bid of —, for rations as above described be accepted, he or they will, within ten days of receipt of the contract at the post office named, execute the contract for the same, with good and sufficient security; and in case the said — shall fail to enter into such aforesaid, we guarantee to make good the difference between the offer of the said — and that which may be accepted. A. B., Guarantor. C. D., Guarantor.

THE GOVERNMENT HAVING granted me letters-patent for my mode of cleaning teeth from Oxid Gas, by which I have extracted many thousands of Teeth without pain, or injury to the sensitive tissue, and superior to any other now in use. DR. C. L. MUNN'S No. 715 SPRUCE Street.

100 EXTRA BOUNTY.—The undersigned is regularly licensed by the United States Government to collect the extra bounty, and has the facilities for a speedy settlement. Call on or address GEORGE W. FORD, 10 23 1/2 No. 541 DOCK Street, one door below Third, Philadelphia. TRUSSES, SUPPORTERS, ETC. PHILADELPHIA SURGEON: RANGLAGE INSTITUTE, No. 14 E. 5th Street, after thirty years' practical experience, has the honor to announce that he has secured a Patent (graduated) elastic adjustment of his Premium Trusses, Supporters, Shoulder Braces, Crutches, Suspensories, etc. Ladies' appliances conducted by a Lady.